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Community Affairs File

VIGO COUNTY PUBLIC LIBRARY
TERRE HAUTE, INDIANA

God-fearing pranksters adapt

Community Affairs File

Ts OCT 29 1985

FOLKLORE

By Cheryl Bickel

Tribune-Star Correspondent

Incredible legends of the Wabash Valley

Tenth in a series

LEWIS — The fall of 1910 was more than just a season to the victims of a Halloween trick that has become legendary to pranksters all over the Greene-Claycounty area.

Edith Keller, now a rural Jasonville resident, said the story began with a sermon preached by her grandfather who was a rural Clay County minister.

The preacher was accustomed to the Halloween practice of overturning outhouses. The moral issue of the acts began to gnaw at his

conscience. Filled with righteous indignation, he forbade the youngsters in his congregation to participate in the traditional Halloween trickery.

Knowing the preacher had a direct line upstairs, the boys weren't anxious to be seen in a bad light. But the Halloween night begged for trickery, and the boys devised a plan to keep on the preacher's good side and still have a little fun.

Most of the farm families in the

area were well-accustomed to the paths leading to their outhouses, and seldom lit a candle to light the way. So the victims of the prank didn't realize that their outhouses had been pulled back a few feet until they found themselves at the bottom of the pits instead of perched on top of them.

When the boys met up with the preacher, shortly after that night, he just shook his head and didn't say a word.

Tales abound of Blue Hole

Ts NOV 3 1985

Community Affairs File

By Dave Delaney
Tribune-Star Staff Reporter

Incredible legends of the Wabash Valley 15th in a series

PRAIRIETON — This community's Blue Hole — a three-acre pond long thought to be bottomless — is the site of numerous local mysteries.

It's where pirates were thought to have buried treasures, where a bus transporting children was lost never to be heard of again, where bootleggers would sometimes drown enemies and where legend has it a train plunged and was lost forever.

Although the little pond is 72 years old, its sway over the imaginations of area residents doesn't appear to have waned.

"The Blue Hole was caused by the biggest flood that's ever been known down here," said Carl Hale, a retired area farmer, recounting the 1913 event. A Wabash River levy three-quarters of a mile away gave way, said Hale, causing the water to flood the surrounding area. He added the Blue Hole has been sustained all these years by the underground water table.

"Legend used to have it that the Blue Hole was bottomless," Hale said. But measurements in later times placed Blue Hole's depth at 65 feet deep.

"There are some mammoth catfish in there," said Hale. "I've seen some big ones lying along the logs." Hale said about 50 years ago people swam at the Blue Hole and that a fellow who used to sell ice cream there drowned.

"They found him the next day and it looked like a big catfish had got hold of him," Hale said.

Tom Harris and his family have lived in a house at the Blue Hole for 13 years. Harris said he and area farmer Burch Harlan own the private lake.

"There used to be six cabins on this lake," Harris said. "I've heard they were used by Chicago gangsters coming down here to cool off while the heat was on."

He said when his daughter was about 14 years old they took advantage of their location by having a big Halloween party for her Job's Daughters club.

"We sure scared hell out of those kids," he recalled with a smile. They tied a sheet around a basketball, and one of the dad's swung it from a rope on a tree by the lake.

An open pit there was said to contain pirates who would come out during Halloween to seek revenge.

Vigo County Sheriff's Department Lt. Robert McDonald said he and fellow department officer Larry Peters spent a day under the waters of the Blue Hole about 16 years ago.

"We went down there mostly because of all the legends about the place," recalled McDonald. "There's supposed to be a train down there, but we didn't find anything." McDonald said they did feel a pull near the bottom as if there was an underground stream." He said maximum depths were from 22-30 feet.



Tribune-Star/Bonnie Jeffery

Mysterious: Jill and Julie Davis check out Blue Hole.

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TERRE HAUTE, INDIANA

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Historical treasure

Stiffy happy in new museum home

* Folklore (w)

(44)

OCT 30 1994

By Barbara Carney

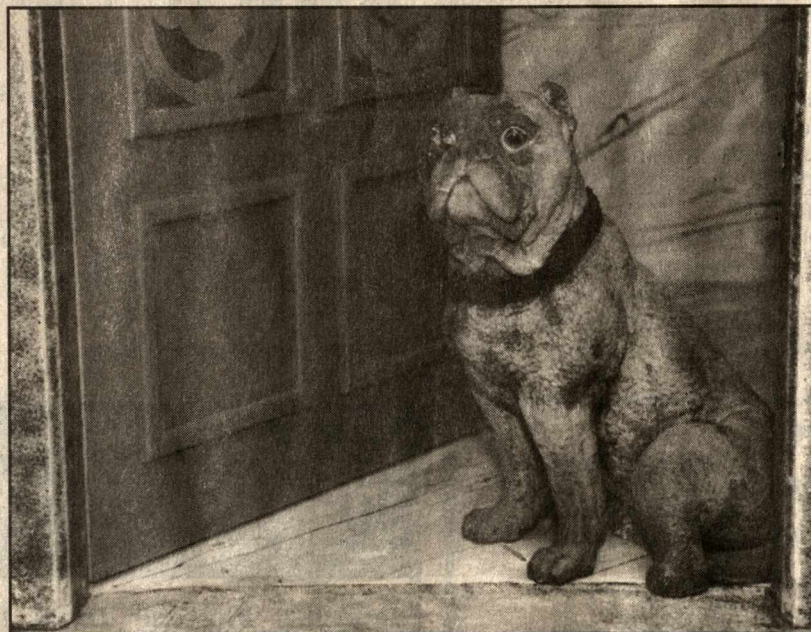
Assistant Director,
Vigo County Historical Museum

It has been five years since Stiffy Green came to live at the Vigo County Historical Museum where he seems to be quite at home. And why not? Even at the museum, Stiffy still resides in a mausoleum much the same as his home for many years at Highland Lawn Cemetery.

The story of Stiffy Green has become one of Vigo County's legends, always popular, but especially fun to tell at Halloween time. Like other legends, this one is made up of both fact and fiction.

The story goes that Stiffy Green was a pet of the John Heinhl family. After his master's death in 1920, the dog sat outside the family mausoleum at Highland Lawn Cemetery until he died from grief. The surviving relatives decided to have him stuffed and placed inside the tomb next to the master he had loved so much. There he sat, guarding the tomb and glaring out with cold, green eyes.

The legend even persists that Stiffy and his master sometimes took strolls together and that



Tribune-Star/Jim Avelis

Vigo County legend: Stiffy Green now resides in a mausoleum replica inside the Vigo County Historical Museum.

barking and whining could be heard throughout the cemetery on some late October evenings.

As the years past, countless people traveled to the grave to see the dog and master. "Going to see Stiffy Green" became a part of dating for Terre Haute's

youth. What better way to frighten a girl into your arms than to drive to Highland Lawn, flash a light into the tomb and show her Stiffy's glass eyes shining back.

Unfortunately, as time went on, the cemetery mausoleum

was vandalized. A bullet passed through the glass door and one of the dog's glass eyes was shattered. It was then that the two great grandchildren of John Heinhl, John Fowler of Colorado Springs, Colo., and Alice Fowler Lewis of Indianapolis made the decision to remove the dog from the tomb and give it to the Historical Society.

In 1988, then executive director, David Buchanan, met with members of the Terre Haute Lioness Club, who took on the project of having a replicate mausoleum constructed to create the proper atmosphere for perpetuating the legend. Because the Lioness Club felt it so important that the tomb look authentic, a transparency was made to resemble the stained glass window at the back of the mausoleum. In the fall of 1989, the exhibit of Stiffy Green opened at the museum.

Seeing Stiffy Green is definitely worth a visit to the Historical Museum. If you're old enough to have met Stiffy at his cemetery home, come renew your acquaintance. The youngsters will love being frightened as they look through the glass doors of his museum home.

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TERRE HAUTE, INDIANA

Stiffy Green

Stiffy retains master's loyalty

Here's a story about a little dog loyal to his master unto death — and perhaps beyond.

You've never heard of Stiffy Green? Well, pull your chair closer to the fire, and I'll tell you about him. Never mind that scratching noise at the door. It's only the wind.

About 70 years ago, so the tale goes, a little bulldog named Stiffy Green was often seen trotting at John Heint's heels as Heint strolled the streets of Terre Haute.

Then, in 1920, John Heint died. Stiffy was inconsolable.

He refused to leave his kindly master's side. Whenever anyone tried to pull Stiffy away, he snapped and snarled. He even attended the funeral and burial service.

Heint's remains were placed in the family mausoleum at Highland Lawn Cemetery. Stiffy set up guard outside the bronze mausoleum doors, his bright green eyes daring anyone to interrupt his kindly master's sleep.

He stood there night and day, through rain and heat. He wouldn't

Incredible legends

of the Wabash Valley
Eighth in a series

Community Affairs File

eat, and never left his post except for those few occasions when members of the family took him away. But he always found his way back.

One day, Stiffy's little body was found near a pillar at the entrance to the mausoleum. Some say he died of a broken heart.

Mrs. Heint could not bear the thought of separating Stiffy from her husband. So she had a taxidermist stuff the dog's body and placed it inside the mausoleum, near her husband's remains.

Stiffy still stands guard, stalwart and faithful in death as he was in life. He's perfectly preserved. They say he looks like he's almost ready, in fact, to wag his tail and bark.

And the legend persists in Terre

Haute that he and his master sometimes still take strolls together, and you can hear on certain nights barking and whining near the mausoleum — sounds a dog would make as he waits for his master to catch up during an evening stroll among the nearly bare trees of a late October evening.

Never mind that scratching, whining noise at the door.

It's only the wind.

— Rewritten from "Haunted Heartland," a collection of more than 150 ghost stories and supernatural occurrences of the Midwest published by Stanton and Lee Publishers Inc., Madison, Wis.

OCT 27 1995

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Stiffy Green returns

John Fowler of Colorado Springs, Colo., and his sister, Louise Fowler Lewis of Indianapolis, recently visited Terre Haute with Stiffy Green in tow. Generations of Terre Hauteans have grown up with the notion the dog was real and was stuffed after death. Not so. They say the dog was always made of stone. The two are great-grandchildren of former Stiffy owner John Heinel.

Stiffy not stiff, after all

OCT. 27, 1985

By Dave Delaney
Tribune-Star Staff Reporter

Stiffy Green was a dog who never chewed a bone or barked.

That should surprise thousands of Terre Hauteans who grew up with the legend Stiffy Green was the pet of John Heinel and that in 1920 the dog was buried with the local businessman who founded Heinel's Flower Shop.

The truth is that Stiffy never drew a breath. He is made of stone.

"Stiffy was an English bulldog and was made of stone," said Marge Fowler Brown, granddaughter of Heinel. "I removed the dog from the family mausoleum and have him here in Indianapolis. All the vandalism out there just makes me sick."

Brown said she had the dog removed two years ago after vandals shot at the dog through the window and tried to pry open the door with a crowbar. A bullet chipped one of the dog's glass eyes.

Decades ago the dog always sat on the Heinel's front porch on the corner of Mulberry and Eighth streets. "The dog seemed so real to my grandparents that the family thought the mausoleum was the place to put it," Brown said.

Most people have thought the dog was once alive and was possibly stuffed after death, Brown said. She said students at Rose-Hulman Institute of Technology would take the dog during Halloween and later return him.

Like so many other students, the 1942 Wiley High School graduate said her dates would sometimes take her out to the cemetery at night to see Stiffy Green. "I was too embarrassed to tell them this was my relative's grave," she revealed.

Rita Kendall, assistant city cemetery director, said the dog's popularity hasn't decreased over the years. "Even now we get more phone calls on Stiffy Green than we do on Eugene V. Debs" — both of whom were in Highland Lawn Cemetery, Kendall said.

Highland Lawn's two most famous residents actually are connected.

Brown's brother Eugene was killed in Vietnam in 1965 and Fowler Park was named after him. "He was my baby brother and was named after another of our relatives — Eugene V. Debs," Brown said.

"There are still a lot of people talking about that dog," said Russ Schnurpel, a cemetery employee burning leaves there on a recent overcast afternoon.

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County's Sugar Creek Lore Includes

EDITOR'S NOTE: The following feature was written by Paris High School English teacher Sandy Elliott, who has spent seven days as part of the editorial staff of the Beacon-News, learning about the day-to-day operation of the newspaper. Elliott was part of the Technical Training for Academic Teachers program offered to teachers throughout the state.

By **SANDY ELLIOTT**

If one would jump in a canoe and paddle against the current in the West Twin Lake, pass under the old railroad bridge, and follow the natural waterway until its passage ends, one would discover the origin of a well-known Edgar County creek, rich with history and tradition.

This trip of discovery would take the traveler up Edgar County's Sugar Creek, at times canopied with trees and vines, and perhaps in view of an occasional snake or turtle sunning on a rock or tree limb, to the absolute source.

Sugar Creek, powerful at times, has a humble beginning amid the ditches of the farmland and grazing cattle in the Twin Lakes Watershed. According to Charla Moss Coombe, resource conservationist for the Edgar County SWCD, two intermittent streams converge to create Sugar Creek. It then flows into Twin Lakes to provide the recreational lakes and water source for the city of Paris, before tumbling over the dam and flowing southeast until eventually reaching the Wabash River.

"Sugar Creek meanders so much it is hard to determine an accurate length," Coombe said.

The creek may seem too small to be of much significance, yet it has a rich and unique history.

Indian, Fishing Tales

Years ago, Indians camped along the bankside, according to rural resident Edith Goodman. Goodman remembers being told the childhood recollections of the late Helen Staley, a family friend.

Staley grew up near what are now known as "the slabs," each located south of Elbridge. Staley told of seeing Indian tents or teepees in the area. Parents warned the young Staley of the dangers and said that they feared that the Indians would snatch small children who visited their camp. It is possible this tale may have been used merely to prevent the children from wandering away from anxious parents, but apparently served its purpose.

According to local historian Walter Kimble, Indians camped along the Sugar Creek in the area that is now the Blackhawk Park or the Boy Scout Park. A natural spring supplied water to the Indians during the winter, Kimble said. He remembers hearing about the Indian children and the children of a local family named Means playing together.

Kimble also recalls hearing that, when the Indian mothers worked around the campsite, they would hang their papooses on pegs attached to nearby trees. This was quite an unusual sight for the pioneer children, he said.

More proof of Indian habitation was found years ago near Sugar Creek in the southern part of the county. A local farmer accidentally uncovered the burial site of an Indian. The skeleton was surrounded with ceremonial arrowheads and other artifacts, lending credibility to local oral history. A nearby university was contacted and the relics became part of the school's historical collection.

In the late 1800's, a foot bridge spanned the creek, providing school children access to the one-room Salem school. This school was attended by Paris resident Elsie Kimble, 92. According to her daughter, Carolyn Lanker, the children had to cross the narrow bridge in single file in order to reach the school. After heavy rains, the swollen creek would make the bridge unsafe and the children who lived across the stream had to stay overnight with the teacher in the schoolhouse.

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At a glance, it might be difficult to believe that a creek with such humble beginnings actually provides so much recreation for the Paris community. After all, it was by damming the creek that the Twin Lakes was created.

On a hot summer day, the water of Sugar Creek entices people of all ages and walks of life. The slab of concrete that exists today near Elbridge as an in-water bridge over the natural ford has been improved by Midwestern Gas in order to cross the creek with heavy machinery. According to local farmer Paul Shuman, the crossing was once a natural bridge across the water, made of large stones over a shallow place in the creek. Local residents were able to carefully drive across when the water was not too high.

According to Paul Augustus, son of

local resident Leatha Augustus, a variety of activities are occasionally seen on the slab near his mother's home. Augustus once saw a group of people set up a charcoal grill on the slab, in the midst of the flowing water, in order to grill the catch of the day.

A local farmer said he has seen carp two feet long being caught in the creek. Others fish for bluegill and channel catfish along the bank.

Besides grilling and fishing, others just enjoy the water. At times these people, called "slabbers" by local farmers, pose a problem. To the farmers, the slab is just a means of crossing the creek in order to access the land on the other side. This is in contrast to the recreational view of the slabbers.

One farmer said that "sometimes we have to drive machinery across the slab

and the slabbers just sit there." So far, the farmers report that they have been able to avoid an accident.

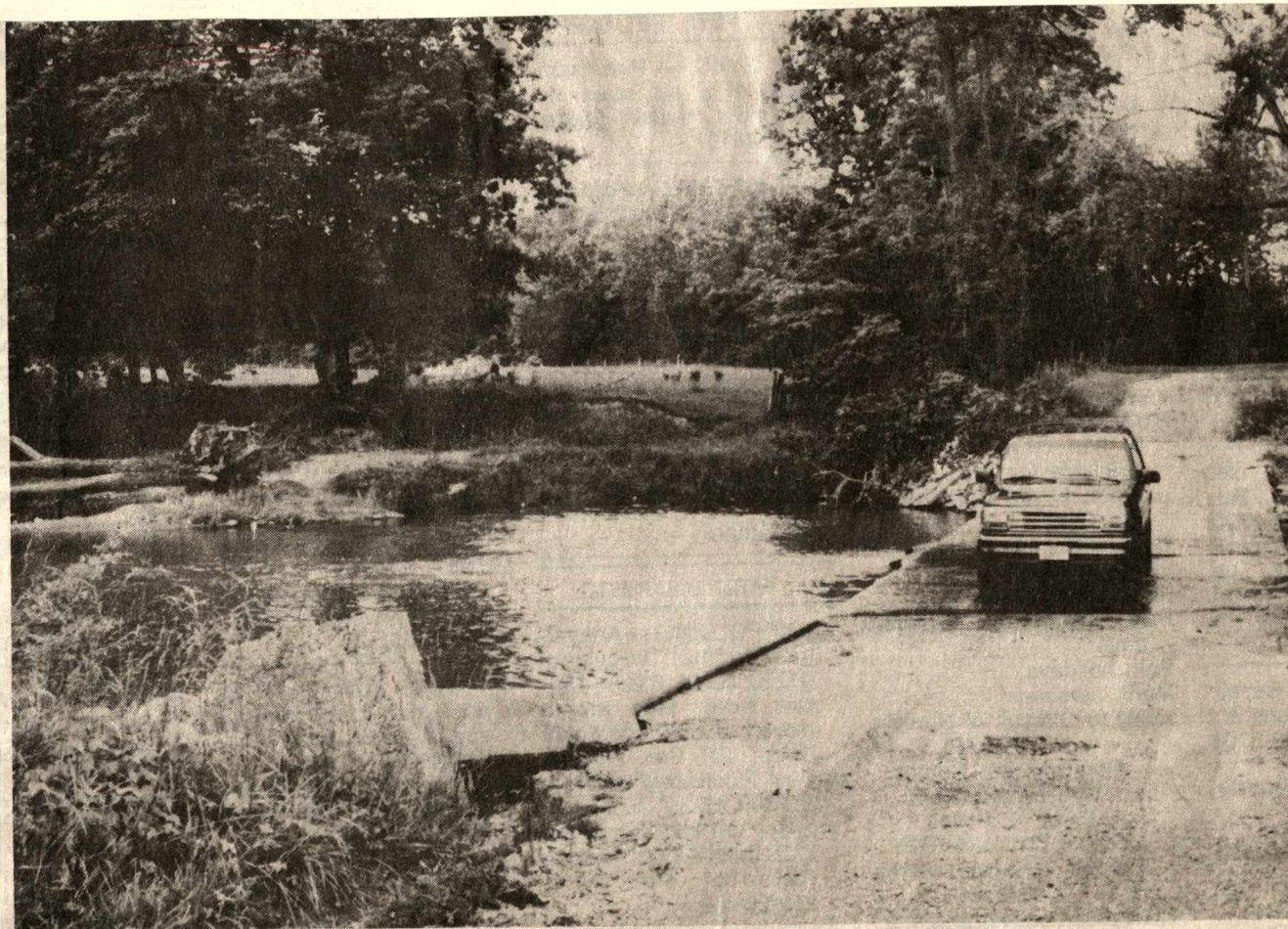
A slab can be dangerous. Last year, a local teenager died in the creek by the slab near Elbridge. A few years ago, a car trying to cross after heavy rainfall was swept away and overturned. On the slab farther downstream, a truck driven by a Marshall resident unfamiliar with the crossing also was overturned. It took two wreckers to pull the truck from the water.

This sleepy little stream has seen many adventures. While the origin of the name Sugar Creek escapes verification, it has been the site of both enjoyment and tragedy through the years. Yet throughout the years, Sugar Creek has remained a constant fixture in the landscape and history of Edgar County.



BRIAN LAU OF NEWMAN, who is employed by Paul Staley as a summer farm hand, has done extensive study on the "ambystoma jeffersonianum" salamander which lives near Sugar Creek in area ponds as the topic of his master's degree thesis. Although the presence of the salamander in Illinois was previously thought to be nonexistent, Lau has found evidence

that the five-toed reptile lives in both Symmes and Elbridge Townships. Local landowners have been supportive of Lau's research completed at area ponds. Lau is pictured crossing the Sugar Creek ford in performing farm chores. He is the grandson of Letha Augustus of rural Paris. (Beacon-News Photo)



THIS FORD ACROSS Sugar Creek was once a natural bridge of large stones. It has been improved by Mid-

western Gas Company with a concrete slab. The ford is passable by vehicles except after heavy rains.



INVESTIGATION OF THE ford and cool water that flows over the slab near Elbridge is enjoyed by Mary, Meridith, Molly McFatridge and Sassy Elliott on a hot June day. (Beacon-News Photo)

and mumble and mumble as proofs. The correspondent says: "It may be put down certainly if Kemler is at all it will not be week and until ample time act or to decline to act on this of the case. How far the de- Warden Durton for Albany is question of a stay of pro- a matter of conjecture."

Primary Sunday School.
This afternoon at 2:30 o'clock a session of the school will be held. Special exercises in relation to the work will be given in addition to the usual lesson study. On the evening next a stereopticon presentation will be given illustrating "Pilgrim's Progress." The children of the school will be admitted free tickets will be issued at the same time. The interest and work of the school has kept up very well during the summer. There have been ordered comprising the Herald, Youth's Companion, Harper's Young People. A special invitation is given to strangers who attend no other school with us.

Married.
Miss, on Lake Ontario, July 16th, by Rev. F. Weinstein, of Terre Haute, was united in marriage to Miss Abetha Luther, of Albion, N. Y.

Don't Take Very Well.
Scanda, Sr.—I must tell you something about your extravagant mode of living. What have you been doing for last term at college?
—Took a course of lectures on economy.—Luck.

Heard at the Shore.
—I've become a yachtman.
—Rather an acrobatic move, is it?
—Acrobatic?
—Yes, turned a summer salt, so New York Press.

Mad.
Did your mother say when you were charged, "Mamie?"
—I say anything. She just went and asked my little brother till he lay stand!—Boston Courier.

Feeling All Gone.
How do you feel now, my dear (tearfully)—I can't feel at all, doctor says paralyzed ever since I saw Yawing's News.

The Count Howard.
Did you get for your poem?
—It was all something.
—Editor returned it with thanks.
—Editor.

Application of the Instruments.
The following are the instruments used in the case of the late...

of all roads centering at Terre Haute at one fare for round trip open to everybody.

It is expected that all the officers of the several regiments and all the old soldiers, will enter at once upon correspondence with absent comrades to induce them to come to the reunion.

It is suggested that the merchants can help advertise the reunion and thereby help their own business, by using in all their correspondence, envelopes with an advertisement of the reunion on the back.

The committee on speakers have invited the following distinguished military gentlemen to address their comrades at the reunion, and General Hanson and General McLean have already sent their acceptance, viz.: Colonel J. H. Hall, well, Colonel Aden G. Cavens, General W. C. McLean, A. P. Hovey, Colonel C. O. Matson, Hon. James T. Johnston, Hon. Jos. B. Chandle, Capt. Ed. Harlan, Hon. J. C. Briggs, Major George H. Noble, General M. D. Manson, Gen. Lewis Wallace and General Nathan Kimball.

THE MAD STONE.

It Adheres For Four Hours Over a Dog's Bite.

Emile Condon, daughter of Charles Condon, who came here with her father yesterday from Garfield, Ind., to be treated with the mad stone for serious bites which were inflicted by a mad dog, has returned home. Mrs. Taylor, who owns the mad stone, is not in the city, and her daughter, Mrs. Wm. Peiper, made the application. The stone adhered to the wound on her arm for four hours but would not adhere to any of those on her face. Mr. Condon is well pleased with the result of the trial. The little girl has suffered no pain other than what would naturally result from such fearful wounds and has not even felt sick since she was bitten.

Mrs. Mathias Ferguson, of the same place, whose child was also bitten by the dog, arrived last night with her daughter. The child is 8 years old and was quite badly bitten, although the bites were for the most part through her clothing. The stone was applied to-day and adhered for some time. Mrs. Ferguson reports that the mad dog and so far as known all of the dogs that were bitten by it, were killed. Another dog in the neighborhood is acting strangely and is being guarded. The children have shown no signs of being affected by the bite as yet and it is hoped that the timely application of the mad stone will prevent hydrophobia.

New York, August 2.—Wm. W. Chandler, Jr., manager, and Clement J. Chandler, treasurer, of the Erie Transfer Company, arrested for defrauding the company of \$10,000 by bogus express receipts, were arraigned in court this morning. Chandler made a full confession. Both were held in \$5,000 bail.

The Case Appealed.
Joseph Ranch, who keeps a saloon on East Poplar street, was tried yesterday afternoon in the mayor's court for the alleged violation of the liquor license ordinance. He was found guilty and fined \$20 and costs. His attorney appealed the case to the Circuit court. The time of trial has not yet been decided upon.

Fans at the Terre Haute House.
Elegant new fans have been put in the dining room of the Terre Haute House. They are operated by steam power. When started about half an hour before the room is opened the atmosphere is cooled. Fans have also been placed in the kitchen and a large revolving fan is being put in to supply the kitchen with fresh air. Yesterday a fan broke and a piece struck a colored waiter on the head, cutting a gash in it, but not seriously injuring him.

Will Press the Button.
ROCHESTER, N. Y., August 2.—The attorney general has instructed Warden Durton, of Auburn prison, that if he is enjoined by the Westinghouse people from using their electrical appliances at the Kemler execution to give bond and proceed with the execution. Superintendent Barbee, of this city, will regulate the current, not press the button as stated.

Wants an Electric Light.
Uncle Ben Rogers, the last merchant on East Main street, wants an electric light put up near his place. He says he is a taxpayer and feels himself entitled to the light. He complains that robberies and assaults are committed in that locality under the cover of darkness. He will present his request to the council.

The Dairymen's License.
The ordinance requiring dairymen to pay a license of \$10 each per year went into effect to-day and a great many licenses have been issued. Each wagon used by these men must bear its serial number and the license must be exhibited by the dairymen when they are called for.

The Runaway Girls.
Ann Phillips and Grace Davis, the runaway girls from Indianapolis, were taken out of jail this morning and furnished transportation to Effingham. They were about the brightest and success little females that our police department ever had anything to do with.

Another Big Pension.
Casius Reeves has been granted a pension of \$12,160.12. He has no children. He is confined at the hospital for the insane and a guardian will have to be appointed. This is the third big pension that has recently been granted to residents of this county.

Leased a Hotel.
It is said that Charles M. Smith, who

liberty. T... shot dead... soldiers will reported th... treated fro...

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and going to a corner fence, change the dress wore and which was covered with blood, for a clean one. He gave an alarm, and the news being noised around, a mob assembled. Dyas had hid himself in the woods, but a search placed around his house, and the following morning he was captured, having stolen the purpose of proving something to satisfy his hunting stories were told of and several of the roughs frequented Mrs. Brady's by these reports. But by accepted theory was that Dyas was piqued by Brock's refusal to buy his whisky bill, offered Dyas a reward he would kill the man. Alexander Mars, a witness to the horrible deed, testified Dyas' conduct was secured. Mars is still living in Smock place, near Fort and several years back, as he was commonly known, one of the most familiar faces in the north part of Terre Haute. A small and dried-up old man, he was seen on the streets, under the influence of liquor, as he was when in town, the ridicule of the crowd of who with their boyish pride little respect for his age, but for his condition. Years, however, "Old" Dyas, weakened by his burden as been a less familiar figure, but he is still on the streets. He is but slightly in appearance from that of a few years ago, and the boys who tormented him, and now in manhood and ashamed of their behavior are ready to prostrate the old man from the ridicule of the crowd of boys. His appearance is bound to astonish the old fellow when sober, and he is said to say of the murder he played such a prominent part in his memory freshened by the loosened by a draught that has proved the bane will narrate the events of above set forth. It is said before, several paroled to have been implicated, but this was not the testimony at the trial. A matter of universal comment, that time that one of the sons of Fenton, whose name was named in this connection during the prosecution, and remained in prison until his death, which was fifteen or sixteen years ago. The testimony of Mars Dyas was that the Vigo county court, and to be hanged on the 4th of 1844. Arrangements were made for execution on this date, but respite by the governor. To prevent the execution on the national holiday, it was changed to the day following that day the convicted man was hanged. Brady and her daughter were soon after, and it was several months after a woman had been hanged one of the southern states. She was a very rough and it was said that before she was hanged she had killed a flat iron in another state and come here to escape. This was never proved from her bad character, it was believed by the residents in the immediate vicinity.

THE MAD-STONE.

It Performs Another Wonderful Cure on a Little Girl From Washington.

Something About the Mad-Stone—Where the One in Terre Haute Came From.

Friday afternoon a Mr. Padgett and wife, accompanied by their niece, a child of eight years, arrived in the city from Washington, Ind., and went to the residence of Mrs. Taylor, No. 530 north Ninth street. Their mission here was to have Mrs. Taylor apply her mad-stone to the child, which was supposed to have been bitten by a mad dog. The child was the possessor of a small dog, a great pet. About a week ago the dog went away, but returned in a couple of days. The little girl was very anxious about her pet, not knowing where it was, and when she saw it ran to play with it. The dog, always kind before, sprang at her and bit her in many places, nearly tearing the clothing off her body. Her screams brought assistance, and the dog was beaten off. It was noticed that it frothed at the mouth, and ran around in a circle. It was concluded that the dog was mad, and it was killed. A physician was called, and the wounds cauterized. Some one mentioned the Terre Haute mad-stone, and it was determined to bring the little girl to this city. The little one's hands and arms were almost black from cauterization. Mrs. Taylor scraped the flesh above one of the wounds till the blood flowed. The stone was then put on and bandaged to the arm. In an hour the bandages were removed, but the stone was still adhering. The bandages were again put on. The stone was applied a little after nine o'clock on Friday morning, and adhered till ten o'clock in the evening. The virus drawn from the arm soaked through two thicknesses of cloth. After the stone dropped off it was placed in warm water and thoroughly cleaned, the bottom of the basin being covered with virus. After it was cleaned it was applied again, but would not adhere. The child was pronounced cured, and was taken home yesterday morning.

Mad-stones are very rare, and very few are known to exist. There is a stone in Des Moines, Iowa, Keokuk, the same state, one in Louisville, and one in Taylorville, Ills. Many people doubt their existence. The writer has heard many people who considered themselves well informed, deny that there was such a stone. But almost everyone in Terre Haute knows that there is one in Terre Haute, and have heard of the many wonderful cures it performed. Where the mad stones comes from no one seems to know. Their possessors are not able to tell. An old Indian chief said that madstones were found in the stomachs of extremely old buck deers. The one in the possession of Mrs. Taylor has been in her family for eighty years or

more. It was brought from Virginia to Kentucky in the early days, and from Kentucky to this city. Mrs. Taylor knows nothing of its origin. This stone is not very large, is square, measuring about three-eighths of an inch on each side. It is porous, and when applied to the wound the virus passes through it into the bandages. It has never been known to fail when applied before the person was attacked by hydrophobia. It will sometimes cure after the patient has had slight convulsions, but it will not always do so.

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THE MAD-STONE.

More About the One in This City—Examined and Declared of Coral Formation—Over a Thousand People Cured.

People, Writhing With Hydrophobia, Tied Down With Cords and Cured by the Stone.

The Express contained a short article a few days ago on the mad-stone in the possession of Mrs. Mary I. Taylor, No. 509 north Ninth street. An Express reporter called on Mrs. Taylor yesterday afternoon, and gleaned from her some facts regarding this curious stone.

THE ORIGIN OF THE STONE is unknown to her. It was given to her mother, Mrs. Murphy, while she lived in Kentucky, by her mother's uncle, Dr. Cox, who brought it from Virginia. Dr. Cox owned the stone for about twenty years and gave it to her mother sixty years ago. How it came into the possession of Dr. Cox Mrs. Taylor was not able to tell. The reporter was shown the stone. It is about three-fourths of an inch square and one-fourth of an inch thick. The following will give a very good idea of the size and looks of the stone:

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The color of the stone is white, the mouth of the pores being a redish color. It has been sixty years since it was first applied to a person bitten by a mad dog, and since that time

IT HAS CURED OVER ONE THOUSAND, and has been applied to over fifteen hundred people. In every instance it has cured. Many people have come to the stone thinking they were bitten by a mad dog, but on application the stone would

son to whom it was applied brought directions how to use it. The skin is scratched above the bite and the stone bound on. If it sticks, there is virus in the blood; if not, the blood is pure, and the person is in no danger from hydrophobia. Mrs. Taylor named many people in this vicinity who were bitten by rabid dogs and who came to the stone. About thirty-five years ago

JOSIAH HICKLIN,

a well known farmer living west of the city, was bitten by a mad dog. He used the stone, and was cured. When the stone was first applied Mr. Hicklin could hardly stand, and within a few hours would have been suffering from hydrophobia. One gentleman came from Illinois several years ago, bringing his little son, who was bitten by a dog. The child had been playing in a field, and seeing a dog biting several cattle went to drive it away, when the dog sprang upon him and lacerated his flesh in a fearful manner. The stone stuck for hours and drew a great quantity of virus. The cattle bitten went mad.

JAMES JOHNSON,

a well known citizen of Terre Haute in early days, and who is now dead, was bitten by a dog. He came to the stone, in a weak and dazed condition, and was cured. A horse bitten at the same time died of hydrophobia. A gentleman, whose name Mrs. Taylor has forgotten, came to her several years ago, suffering from hydrophobia. He was so bad that it was found necessary to tie him with cords, and bandage the stone to his arm.

HE HAD SPASM AFTER SPASM,

but the stone cured him. She says that many people come to her doubting that there is such a thing as a mad stone. They have heard of it, and try it as a last hope. Many think, when they first come, that it is a sort of charm. Others, after it has cured them, seem reluctant to leave it, and think their only salvation is in remaining where it is. When it is adhering to a person it draws like a plaster. It can be felt in every part of the body, as if it were

DRAWING THE BLOOD FROM THE VEINS. It draws the virus through the pores and into the bandages. After it has fallen off, it is placed in warm water, and cleansed. Mrs. Taylor says she does not like to work with it, for if she should happen to get a particle of the virus in a cut or sore on her fingers, it would act the same as if she were bitten. It has also been applied to people bitten by mad cats, and acts the same as with a dog bite. It has never been applied to a person bitten by a snake. A short time ago Dr. Parmar, of this city, and President Brown, of the State Normal school, clipped a small piece off the stone and analyzed it. They are of the opinion that it is of coral formation. She has never set a value on it, but has been asked how much money would buy it. She will not part with it, as it has been an heirloom in the family and she wants it to continue so. She regrets that she has never kept a record of the people cured. Mad dogs are not so numerous as they were years ago. When she was a girl she has known as many as five or six cured by it in one week. People have come hundreds of miles to use the stone. It has never been advertised, but people would learn that she had it, and come. Many have told her that it was a fortune. It is certainly very valuable, and a stu-

scientists.